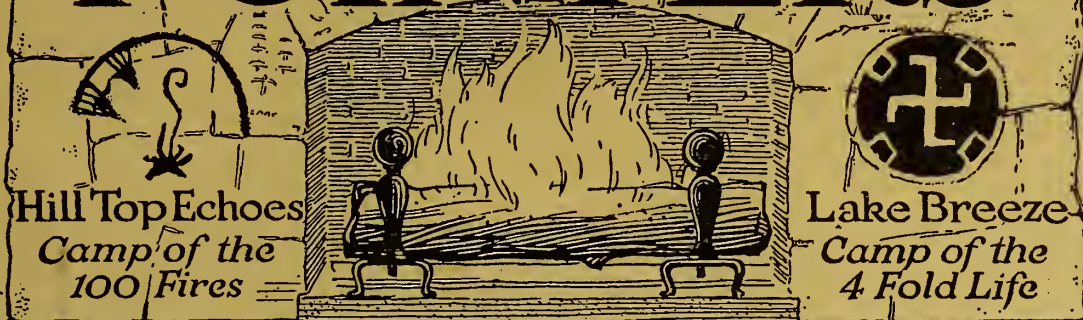


CONFERENCE POINTERS



Lake Breeze Special Opportunity Number

OPPORTUNITY—that precious Golden
Key—
Unlocks the door that leads us to
success

And service, which will bring us happiness
And friendships, which our lives will ever
bless.

Oh, Father, may our lives the fuller be
That we have grasped the opportunity!

G. M. W.

AUGUST, 1919

TO THE TENT AND COTTAGE leaders of the Camp of a Hundred Fires we dedicate these special issues of the Hilltop Echoes of 1919, in the hope that they may realize the influence that their lives have exerted in the hearts of the girls directly under their care and that they may get a glimpse of the sway that the touch of their personalities is exercising in the forward look of every girl in the camp. May they understand that in the hollows of their hands is the power to change the workings of the Kingdom of God.

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold-Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

JOHN L. ALEXANDER, *Editor*

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Vol. III

AUGUST, 1919

No. 8

The Editor Has a Word

THE war is over and our greatest opportunity lies before us. Last year the first thought of every man, woman and child was the winning of the war, that our land might be free and safe to carry on, with every ounce of energy, the tasks of the Kingdom of God. The war is won, and the hand of opportunity is holding its shining torch of service aloft to the world.

Who are better equipped to light our branches at this torch, than we of the Camp of the Hundred Fires, who are to guide the girlhood of America into the Kingdom through the door of the Sunday school? Opportunity knocks but once, we hear; but she has signed a contract with Kinji to knock every day for fourteen days on this hilltop. Nobody but one of those dubs that has Minisino's profound contempt could fail to answer one of the knocks and the true leader is answering all of them.

* * * *

How many of you girls and leaders are taking advantage of the privilege that is yours in being a member of the classes in woodcraft and campercraft? There is no more direct path to the heart of a teen age youngster than through the tent in the woods. If you live in a small town where there is so such thing as a young man—for young men, you know, like to seek their fortunes in the larger cities—then it is up to you to assume the leadership of the whole teen age group. It is hard for a girl to gain the respect of a 13 year old boy, for he is at the stage when he considers girls as dirt beneath his feet. The only way to catch his interest is by being his equal physically, by being able to outrun him, and outswim him and by being his superior in wood lore and camp lore. Seize this opportunity—it may mean the beginning of a new life for your community.

* * * *

The sun cast a long shadow across the bed of the dying woman. The doctor and the nurse knew that she had only a short time to live, but they were using all their scientific knowledge to ease the suffering of those last hours. Suddenly she rallied, and with lifted head and frightened eyes, she looked to the doctor, whispering, "I am dying; can't you pray for me before I go? I need your prayers."

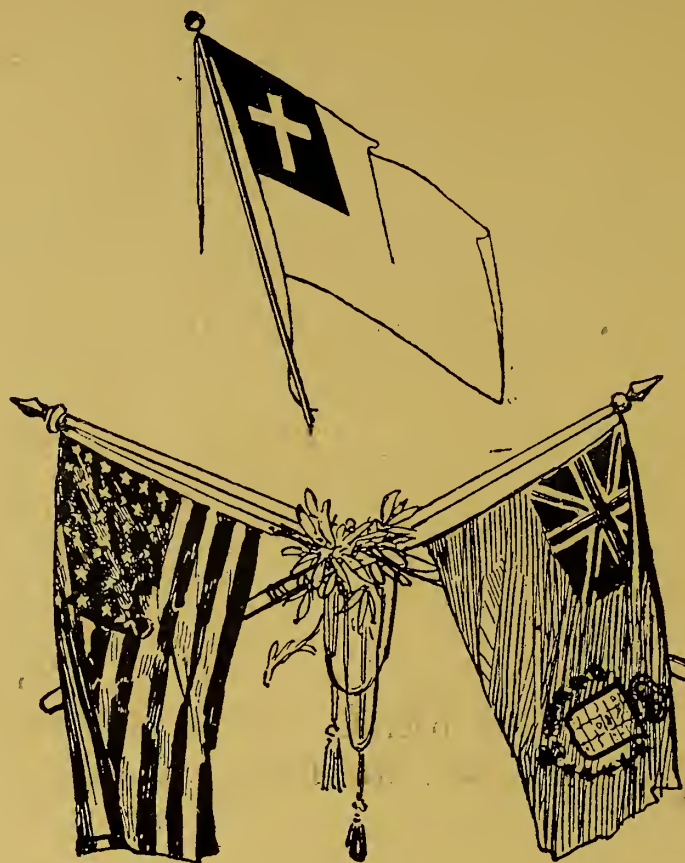
"I can't pray," answered the doctor, and turning to the nurse, he said, "You must pray for the soul of this woman. You must."

"I never prayed aloud in all my life," replied the nurse, shamefacedly, and then, looking into the despairing eyes of her patient, she insisted, frantically, "I can't, I can't." At the moment the woman's soul passed beyond.

To pray aloud, asking God's blessings on our comrades and friends is one of the most precious things that we learn at Conference Point. During the tent devotions period and at the hillside gatherings, each of us can practice expressing aloud our thanks to our Father and we shall find throughout our lives that we shall be grateful for the opportunity of learning to talk naturally to God.

* * * *

Do you know that the men and women who are associated with us on the headquarters staff and among the leaders' group are picked especially because they are the finest in their line in the country? There is no better way of self-education with master minds and master hearts. All of these older men and women are here because they love girls and they are never happier than when they are spending a few minutes getting acquainted with and giving out their personality to the individual girls. Do not neglect this opportunity of living close to the leaders.



PUSH back your horizon! Girls, how many times we have heard that expression on the hilltop! Are you looking for ways of doing it? Did you ever stop to think that one great help in the pushing is the internationalism of the camp? Fine outstanding girls from the United States rub elbows with the best products of the Land of the Maple. Broaden out, girls!

One of the most impressive services of our camp is the Sunday morning flag raising. This Sunday, with Ruth Young in charge, was no exception. Before the chiefs raised the three flags, while all joined in "Onward, Christian Soldiers," Coral Todd, Katherine Hutchison and Blanche Tresham told of the meanings of the flags.

Coral, in giving the story of the Union Jack with its three crosses, brought out how men had proved their belief that their flag stood for everything pure, noble and true by their sacrifices in Flanders fields. We would pay high tribute to our Canadian friend, whose father made the supreme sacrifice and by his contribution to the service flag helped to bind our two countries still closer in the bonds of sympathy.

Katherine flung out to us the challenge of the American flag—that it be second only to the Bible. She made us all feel as if we wanted to be the kind of girl the flag now typifies, the kind of girl we really want the flag to symbolize.

But Blanche showed us that a still deep-

er bond than the service flag is the Christian flag, for not until the service flag of our Heavenly Father with its red cross of Calvary has gained its true place among all nations, is real and lasting peace possible. The soldiers and the Red Cross nurse were called to serve. The same call comes to us. The prayer of that Red Cross nurse is the prayer of loyalty to the Christian flag:

Lord, if I can smoothe one brow,
Or calm a fevered brain,
Or staunch the life blood of a hearth
I serve—and not in vain.

Oh, but my need for health and strength
Is as the need of ten!

I pray Thee, pour Thy grace on me,
Not for myself, but them.

When sunken eyes look into mine,
They should find courage there.
I should give hope, even when my heart
Of hope is stripped and bare.

I know no country, creed or race,
But in life's little span,
'Tis mine to steady wounded feet,
To serve Thee, Lord, and man.

And so I lift my hands to Thee;
Lord, fill them for my task,
That they may overflow to them.
Lord, this is what I ask.

How Do You Stand?

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
 Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;
 If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
 But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
 If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
 Play without giving play too strong a hold,
 Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
 Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;

If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
 And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;
 If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
 Without despising calico and jean;
 If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
 Can do a man's work when the need occurs;
 Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
 Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;

If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
 Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
 If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
 A girl whom all will love because they must;
 If some time you should meet and love another
 And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
 And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother—
 You'll work out pretty nearly, to my mind,
 The plan that's been developed through the ages,
 And win the best that life can have in store.
 You'll be my girl, a model for the sages,
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

—[With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.]

“And Girls Increased in Wisdom”



The Home of Classes.

DO YOU know how to map out and put on an older girls' conference in your county? You can learn this in Ki-cica's class. Do you know the true significance of all the phases of the four-fold life? You can learn this in Daddy Waite's class. Do you know how to divide your home Sunday school into the right divisions, according to age, and how to plan the Sunday and through-the-week activities for your class? You can learn this in Miss Ferguson's class.

Do you know the qualities that you must acquire in order to be a real teacher and the background that you must have? You can learn this in Mr. Honline's class. Do you know the true relationship between science and religion and do you thoroughly understand the reason why science textbooks and the Bible can never be compared from the viewpoint of facts? You can learn this during Mr. Honline's lectures at the assembly hour.

Do you know how to tell poison ivy and how to gain the friendship of birds? You can learn this in Mr. Brooks' class. Do you know how to make a bed of twigs and how to cook gingerbread in a mud oven? You can learn this in Mr. Kendrick's class. Do you know where to gain leadership practice and where to find the twenty attributes needed by an ideal leader? You can find out in Miss Palk's class.

Our mental life at Conference Point is developed in such a clever and interesting way that we do not realize that we are being taught psychology, pedagogy, botany, zoology, philosophy, and English. Our teachers know whether we are learning them or not, though, by reading our notebooks. Isn't it strange, girls, that the

more we have in notebooks, the more we have in our heads?

We are here for work, but we are surely glad that our teachers make our work so full of interest. They have grasped the fact that a subject to be true does not have to be dry and that we are more apt to remember the subject that is presented in a unique way. Every girl wishes that she were three girls during the camp conference, for she wants to go to the classes of all three groups. But she can't! So the next best thing to do is just to come again and again and then she will have had the privilege of absorbing the whole mental program.

But don't forget the trip to Yerkes! After our minds had been prepared for the wonders of the observatory by the stereopticon lecture given by Mr. Blakeslee, we enjoyed every minute of the time spent going, stopping and coming. We are glad that we have seen one of the largest telescopes in the world and we are going to tell our astronomy pros all about it when we start back to school next fall.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it can never prop him up.

The desire of our appearing to be wise often prevents our becoming wise.

We may give advice, but we can never give conduct.

“Rock of Ages” translated into Japanese and the translation carried back into English reads thus: “Grand old rock, split for my benefit.”

We have all seen the ideal Sunday school which we have thought of and hoped might exist, in the form of the Conference Point Sunday school under the wise and skillful direction of the superintendent, Miss Mary Schreder and her associate, John L. Alexander. Every member shared in the work and worship, making a really live, working school. Can it not be duplicated throughout the land?

Give what you can and you'll get what you never had before.

“And in Stature”

OLD clothes races in the water and swan dives are all the same to the girls of Conference Point, for we can be hideous when we are asked to disguise ourselves and we can be beautiful when we are asked to be natural. These two events are a part of the swimming meet, held Tuesday, and since tribal points are given for the winners of the first, second and third places, we are real peeved to think that we go to press too early to report the fun in this issue.

The events are about the same this year: diving, 100-yard dash, 150-yard dash, egg and spoon race, plunge for distance, tribal relay, 50-yard dash (breast stroke) and the two fancy events named above. Of course we know that some bunches are going to win and that some are going to lose, but we feel sure that both contestants are truly winning, the one coming in first resisting the chance to get puffed up and the loser congratulating the winner with right hearty enthusiasm.

We are learning to swim and we are learning to play games, that we may the more have a background of knowledge to carry on the program of our work. Some of us have gone through life without feeling the thrill of playing together, winning together and losing together such contests as basketball, volley ball and dodge ball. We know now how much fun they are and we have within ourselves one more way of interesting the boys and girls at home.



Recreation has been worked out a little bit differently this year because of the large number of braves encamped here, some of the periods being held in the morning as well as in the afternoon; but the spirit has been the same, and the tournaments have moved right along in fine shape. No moping around about athletic scores in this camp—we do our best, and are happy about it.

Preliminary track meets, tennis tournaments and other contests are going along in fine shape now, in preparation for the big track meet Friday afternoon. The E. H. Nichols recreation shield is not to be gotten easily. There's some lively hustling going on and we are willing to bet on any one of these tribes: the Crowfeet, Blackfeet, Iroquois, Navajos, Susquehannas or Dakotas.

Mr. Rogers has a life-saving emblem up his sleeve that he is ready to hand out to any girl who can do such simple little stunts as swimming a hundred yards on the back with the hands out of water, or going a hundred strong with clothes and shoes on. He is purposely holding to a high standard for the awarding of this emblem, and it is going to take the very best swimmers in the whole camp to even compete, let alone achieve. We girls rather like those hard things, though.

Glad has been giving us some fine instruction in playground games, a knowledge of which can be turned to all sorts of advantage. American kids don't know how to play, they say. If two hundred and thirty campers make it their business to teach the kids, we'll bet there won't be any grounds for such a statement next year.

Mr. Wadjepi Preston G. Orwig returned to Pennsylvania Monday morning after spending “some” time at Lake Geneva, Wis. He is expected to take some fish home with him.

Sybil Mossman, the Lake Breeze style expert, sends word from Paris that bobbed hair is still in vogue. Some of the fashionable are letting it grow out, she wires.

“And in Favor with God”



“For the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth,
 Over and around us lies,
 Christ, our God, to Thee we raise,
 This, our hymn of grateful praise.”

“Lo, the Kingdom of God is in the midst of you.” Are not these the words that ring in the heart of each camper?

What a vast difference there is between a house and a home. No matter how humble, no matter how luxurious the building and the furnishings, a house is not a home unless the associations and relationships of the people who dwell within are included.

Could we ask for a better home than God's own great, and beautiful out-of-doors? That is the house we have been living within for the last two weeks. The lake, the sky, the woods, have engulfed us in a perfect realm of beauty. The furnishings of our home—what better could we seek? Our classes, assembly, playground, sports, nights' doings—all those things which have been so wisely and so lovingly shaped and planned for us—all these are the furnishings, and we have simply made use of them. We have

responded to them in varied degrees and so out of it all have grown our relationships, and our associations, and our camp home has in truth existed.

We have felt all the while a great common spirit arise and hover over us, a great composite personality that has within-itself the best that each camper and leader has given and continues to give here on our hilltop. Through it we have come very much closer to that great, infinite spirit of love and wisdom—we know God better than ever before.

At Hillside—that quiet hour after the night meal when all gather together for song, prayer and praise—who has not felt her heart and mind expand and her every fiber thrill with the joys of the natural beauties all around her and with the consciousness of getting glimpses into the very heart and soul of her friends and her God? Those are the experiences of us all as we worship together on our Hillside each day, watching the sun sink below the horizon as it calls us to the hope of a new day.

Besides being lots better looking than the boys, we are lots cleaner than the boys. Lottie May said so and she knows.

“*And with Man*”

THE trees whispered a secret to me today. They told me to go to Conference Point and that I would find a bunch of the best sports on the continent. I went and found them.

To the girls who are in the camp for the first time, the spirit of sociability between the campers from one part of the country and those from another is remarkable. But the old girls tell me that a little bird told them one day that boundaries between states and nations is an imaginary line, anyway, so they just use that as an excuse for treating everyone just the same whether they come from northern Canada or from Alabama.

No one on this hilltop waits for an introduction. Each greets the other with a, “My name’s Miriam. I know yours is Pete. So let’s go.” And each says with “Goodbye,” a “When you come to Chicago in December call me up and we’ll have a Lake Geneva luncheon.”

All this fellowship just flows and flows when the 230 get together at the night’s doings. Council circle came first, and here state met state, state sang with state, and state approved of state. The popular songs which brought the singers together in harmony seemed to inspire all of Kinji’s ready wit and he fairly scintillated. He showed, too, that he knew that the way to a girl’s heart is through her stomach.

Kinji told us one night at Hillside that

only a few in camp were to know what was to happen night after night, that sometimes only he and the Lord knew, and that sometimes only the Lord knew. Our Greatest Chum was the only one that knew what was to happen Wednesday night, but He had faith in His children and as a result the refreshing rain gave us an opportunity for the wonderful Minisino meeting in the Tipi and for the first of the tribal parties. By the way, did you ever hear such a spontaneous combustion of cries and yells as proceeded from the six chiefs and their braves that night?

Class parties, tent sprees, wild treasure hunts, which, like the proverbial blue bird, took us over all the world and then brought us back home to find the reward, double-decker boat rides to our neighbors, the policemen and the confectioners at Geneva City, class stunt nights, mental baseball games and even formal receptions come and find us all not wanting, for we seem to know just how to act at any kind of a function. We are willing to bet that we could even stand in the receiving line at the president’s reception.

But the trees had whispered very softly a warning to be sure and notice very distinctly how quickly the campus could turn from the hilarious mood to the prayerful mood and the same trees revealed that the reason for this gift was that every girl was living the four-fold life.





Once Kinji dreamed a great big dream,
 Not many years ago.
 He saw a thousand girls and boys
 All lined up in a row.

They weren't ordinary folks,
 For on their hearts they wore
 A living emblem, blue and white,
 Of P, S, M, and R.

Then they began to separate,
 Each to his own small place,
 And they lived the four-fold Jesus life,
 E'er watching their Master's face.

Kinji wakened from his dream
 And, now, as in days of yore,
 His wondrous plan is coming true,
 Here on Geneva's shore.

And we're all just one big family,
 And as each new day dawns new,
 We thank God himself for letting us help
 To make Kinji's dream come true.

Oh, say, can you sing, from the start to the
 end,
 What so proudly you stand for when
 orchestras play it?
 When the whole congregation in voices
 that blend
 Strike up the grand tune and then tor-
 ture and slay it?
 How valiant they shout, when they're first
 starting out,
 But the "dawn's early light" finds them
 floundering about.
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner they're
 trying to sing,
 But they don't know the words of the
 precious brave thing.

Hark, the "twilight's last gleaming" has
 some of them stopped,
 But the valiant survivors press forward
 serenely
 "To the ramparts we watched," when
 some others are dropped,
 And the loss of the leaders is manifest
 keenly.
 The "rockets red glare" gives the bravest a
 scare,
 And there's few left to face the "bombs
 bursting in air."
 'Tis a thin line of heroes that manage to
 rave
 The last of the verse and the "home of the
 brave."

HEART THROBS.

My dear Jane Hope:

I want to know if you can give me some advice on a very serious question. I am a girl who has never been kissed. When announcing this fact to my tent companions, they dared me to kiss Mojag. I did it. Did I do wrong?

Peg Pegler.

Ans.—If you accomplished that difficult feat, you deserve nothing but commendation.

Dear Miss Hope:

Just writing your name gives me peace. When I came to Lake Geneva, I was told that it was my duty to marry one of the dependables. Looking back over the other years, I decided that marrying was one of their chief duties. This year, however, I have discovered that most of the dependables are younger than I am. Shall I disregard the question of age?

C. S.

Ans.—There is no hope in this case. The dependables cannot get married. Their mothers won't let them.

Dear Miss Hope:

I am a leader at this camp and am engaged to be married. I have noticed that quite a number of the leaders are wearing diamond rings on the third finger of the left hand. Do you think it is wise to form an engagement club?

Elsie.

Ans.—That's a fine idea. You can give each other tips on how to manage the creatures. It might be a good plan to have a married woman as an honorary member to sit in on the councils.

Pals, here's a tip! Don't try to get ahead of Director Alexander in deed or word. We have tried it very often and we know that it can not be did.

We have no gold stars for the Camp of the Hundred Fires but we are just adopting in our thoughts the two gold stars of the Camp of the Four Fold Life. Lieutenant Verlin Dial of Huntington, W. Va., was killed in the Argonne drive and Eddie Frantz "went west" while on the march. We are as proud of them as the boys are, for they are a product of Lake Geneva just as we are.

SLIDES AND TUMBLES FROM THE HILL.

It happened at a leadership practice class meeting. Chairman, after motion had been put, "All in favor, say 'Aye.'" Everybody, including Jo Cridland, "Aye." Chairman, "All opposed say 'No.'" Jo, who had been napping between motions and who has evidently been well trained in obedience, awakened herself and everybody else with a loud "No."

How about the mascots? Haven't they the brainy knots? They have a bunch of yells and songs that are peaches. Especially that one about "We come every year to Conference Point and help to make it a lively joint." Some poetry, isn't it?

So many of the state representatives in the freshman meeting claimed that Kinji was born in their state that the great chief settled it this way, "Oh, I was born everywhere," he said, appeasingly. "Must have gone by aeroplane," remarked Lucile Todd.

Alice Rubleman is greatly enjoying the scenery along the shore path these days.

We bet the next time Bonnie Ferguson has her family for a visit, she will warn them beforehand to sew their ties to their collars and their collars to their shirts, and to use double linen thread for the process.

"Help, help," with the "p" left on seems to be a very effective cry. The hogs get a feed on the strength of it every day.

"Friends," says Harriet Beecher Stowe, "are discovered rather than made; there are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and painting, are like the Freemason's sign—they reveal the initiated to each other."

An ice famine is threatened in Lima, O. All consumers have been cut to twenty-five pounds every other day and ice plants are running twenty-four hours a day, but have only a limited supply. I wonder if any Lake Geneva campers could help them out. If there is any ice in these premises, let's cut it right out of our natures and send to Lima. We don't need any ice; we need only sunshine.

A Rhyme or Two

SOMEBODY'S LOOKING ME OVER.

When I rise in the dawn of the morning
 And my eyes greet the sun
 Can I say my day's work will always
 Be thoughtfully and carefully done?
 Perhaps no one is caring
 What little things I may slight
 Somebody's looking me over
Am I doing exactly the right?

I may work from dawn till the darkening
 In the midst of a toiling mob;
 My task may be all but hopeless
 And I feel like shirking my job,
 But after my day's work is ended
 Can't I feel the part I have played?
 Somebody's looking me over;
Am I not glad I stayed?

Though I'm one of the throng, I must
 labor,

I must run my second mile;
 Someone watches and calls to her
 Who does her tasks with a smile.
 Perhaps there's a larger thing waiting
 If I work with a happy face.
 Somebody's looking me over
Am I fit for a greater place?

THE THING WORTH WHILE.

When you meet a girl in woe
 Walk right up and say, "Hullo,"
 Give a smile, with a friendly nod—
 Show yourself a real, true "pard."
 Lift her load by sympathy
 In the place where'er you be;
 Share with her your strength and cheer;
 She'll not forget for many a year.

And when all is said and done,
 You'll be happier, every one;
 'Tis the souls of friends that count
 When you start your upward route,
 So pave your own course every day
 By helping comrades on their way.
 Reward in plenty you'll receive
 For God will note your work achieved.

JOKES ON SCOTTY.

Scotty was a camper,
 Scotty was a thief,
 Scotty lost her film—she thought—
 And it was the belief
 That she stole her tent mate's film
 And later 'twas disclosed
 That Scotty took her picture on
 A film already exposed.

BANCROFT, WHERE ART THOU?

Bancroft had strayed,
 Though Hamell's its home.
 Where—tell me where—
 Did our Bancroft roam?
 We searched up and down
 The whole campus o'er
 Till we felt too tired to send any more.
 The chiefs looked in heaven—
 So they did declare—
 But never a Bancroft
 Was found to be there.
 And then, though a pity
 I find it to tell,
 They looked for that book
 Clear down in—the dell,
 And after their wanderings
 Back did they come
 To find that the Bancroft
 Was in its own home.

WE'VE GOT ALL KINDS.

If 'tis girls full of pep
 That you'd like to see,
 Just come to our camp on the hill.

If 'tis girls full of sympathy, honor, and
 faith,
 Girls with a vision high and awake,
 If 'tis girls that are steadfast and void of
 all fear,
 Come to the woodland full of true cheer
 On the shore of our beautiful lake.

WHEN CAMPERS CLASP HANDS.

When campers clasp hands with campers
 once more,

When campers have been apart;
 A thrill of pleasure o'er one comes
 And gladness fills the heart.

When campers clasp hands in earnest talk
 Of all God's goodness here,
 Of all their hopeful plans for life
 For Him. Then God is near.

When campers clasp hands with campers
 in prayer,

Each praying for her friend,
 A hallowed Presence o'er them then
 In blessing seems to bend.

When campers clasp hands then joys are
 theirs,

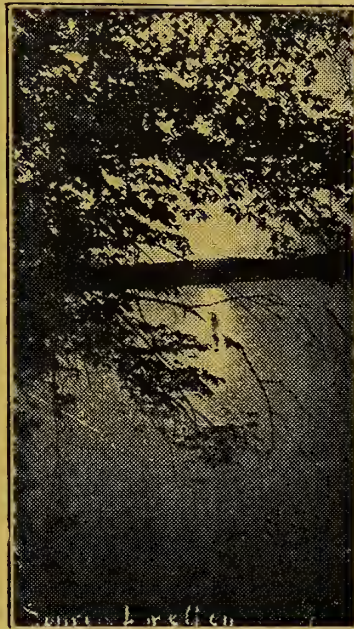
That elsewhere they could not know,
 We thank thee, God, for friends who made
 Our camp a light below.

The Grailers' Gift

As to Sir Galahad came the vision of the Holy Grail, so to the Grailers, the graduates of the class of 1915, came the vision of the four-fold life and in the celebration of the following of that vision the four Grailers who are now on the hilltop presented to camp the seat on the hillside over looking our beautiful Galilean Lake.

The seat was planned and designed by the girls themselves, with the help of Kinji and Miss Ferguson and they even placed the stones with their own hands. The dedication service was held at the Hillside hour Saturday evening. Miss Ferguson, the mentor of the class gave one of her inspirational talks, bidding the girls to feel the call of the American Galilee and have the presence of the Savior ever by their sides. The four graduates were in complete charge of the rest of the program, Margaret Rice of the music, Helen Moffet of the prayer and Gladys Wise of the introduction. Wilmouth Green made the dedication speech in beautiful spirit, telling of the legend of the Holy Grail and of how the class of Grailers had followed the true vision to its end.

Kinji accepted this glorious gift on behalf of the other classes and the faculty, christening the hillside "the Cathedral of the Grail."



The Booster-Backer Bunch

Just like a regular college, the camp conference has an alumnae association. With the avowed purpose of being ready to present the girls' standpoint on any question that the big chief is thinking about and of doing their bit in making the new girls fit into the spirit of the camp, the graduate leaders, fifteen in number, who are on the grounds this year became the proud charter members of the alumnae association of the Camp of a Hundred Fires.

Miss Palk and Miss Ferguson were with the graduates Thursday night when the first steps were taken. Mary Schroeder was chosen president of the group, Billy Green vice-president, and Helen Moffet, secretary. These three officers will make up an advisory council which will appoint a committee to draw a Constitution and By-laws. When the plans of the International Sunday School Association widen out to include camps in other parts of the continent, this bunch of boosters and backers will stand ready to do their duty.



KI! KI!

BOW! WOW!

The Camp of a Hundred Fires could not exist without a police force, so we've got one. The billie carriers this year consist of the two most stalwart braves from each tribe and the beats are as numerous as the beatings.

On Saturday last was laid down the law and immediately the dog-soldiers began, not to lie down on the job, but to lie low. The scent of the cops chosen is very sensitive; therefore, it is well that each camper be on the watch for the crossings, lest she be cross-examined by the jury.

Warnings and threats were made by the hard-hearted critters, but to some braves, words went in one ear and out the other. Such threats had no dire end in store for them. Did they find out what the end was?

Unmercifully dealt with was the person who took the growl of the dog soldiers in vain last Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The alamo was sounded, the police rushed to struggle. Cries of "Seize her, seize her," ran through the woods. She was caught, tried and pronounced guilty, but not tied at the stake. Worse, she was placed carefully and with precision in the lake for as long as it took her to repent her sins.

The ducking was appropriately followed by a feed in the Ad building a la victim.

Therefore, campers, if you believe that the camp police are fourflushers and that that institution is a farce and a freak,

continue to believe it, but keep quiet about it. Woe to her who speaks!

THEY'VE GOT 'EM.

Oh where! Oh where! have my dainty rings gone?

Oh where! Oh where! can they be?

The "dog-soldiers" have had them forever so long,

Now where, oh where, can they be?

How many of us could have shown this much pep? Just one week before coming to Conference Point, the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. Kendricks burned to the ground and they were able to save

nothing but the clothes on their backs and a little bit of furniture. They came home from church to find the wreck and immediately set to work to plan another house. A week later, with the clothes that they could gather together, they set out for Lake Geneva, and reports from home show that the new house will be ready for them by the last of September. No sitting at home to mope for them. How's that for faith accompanied by hard work?



He Smiles While He Takes Our Money

Sunday, at the twilight hour, the graduating class, the Comrades, called every girl and every leader to the comradeship of worship in the Cathedral of the Grail. It was a beautiful vesper service, in which thirty-one splendid girls led the camp in song, reading and prayer.



News Snapshots

Even the high and mighty chiefs have their moments of humiliation. Last week during the night they offended their boss, the Great Chief. He reprimanded them. The next morning with an air of sincere repentance, they arose from their breakfast chairs, marched sorrowfully to the first table, calling pitifully, "Peace! Peace!" At Kinji's place they stopped, gave him an appealing look, a box of candy and a note.

They were given many beautiful presents, among them a bouquet with a sash of wondrous white satin, and a chocolate cake, banked high with candles, which shown brightly over the crystal happiness of the couple.

Mr. John Alexander is thinking of introducing a new course in the explanation of the meaning of words. He heard Ber



Here's the note: "We bow before thee in humiliation for our multitudinous transgressions. Accept this tooth decayer with our most sincere hopes that it may quench thine anger." Kinji wants the chiefs to know that he accepted their offering but that he was not pacified.

The styles of Paris have arrived at Conference Point. Paris is wearing no hosiery, to protest against the cost of silk. Esther Ripley is wearing rolled hosiery to protest against the pain of the huge sores on her knees. She merely rolled down the stairs to the Ad building.

The Chief Executive, John L. Alexander, and Mrs. Alexander celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary, July 31, at their table at the end of the dining room at Conference Point. About 275 guests were present. The blushing bride of fifteen years wore a gown of rose and the bridegroom was clad in a suit of white.

nice Douglas say something the other night that put his mind at ease about the advisability of putting in the course. She was asked to sing a solo at the vespers held by the Comrades Sunday night, when she exclaimed with horror, "Oh, do I have to sing a solo, all by myself?"

One of the most marvelous discoveries of the ages has been made by the great scholar, Ruth Henne, of Conference Point. While playing batter in the Sunday Bible baseball game, she was told to tell for what Esau sold his birthright. And here comes the discovery: "For a bowl of soup," she answered.

A cake famine was reported in Williams Bay Friday. Mother Curtiss had a birthday. Being so popular, a lot of groups wanted to celebrate with her and as a result her table was loaded with cakes. Let's give her forty spanks and one to grow on!

Bargain! Bargain!

Absolutely Not Shopworn!

O, Campers!

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